

**BATMAN**  
**No.25**

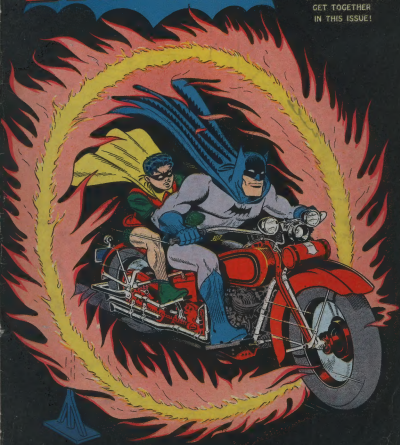
OCT., NOV.  
TEN CENTS



# BATMAN

**ARE TWO VILLAINS  
BETTER THAN ONE?**

**JOKER AND PENGUIN  
GET TOGETHER  
IN THIS ISSUE!**



## Editorial Advisory Board

### SUPERMAN DC COMIC MAGAZINES:

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Associate Professor of Psychiatry  
School of Medicine, New York University

PEARL S. BUCK

Author, "The Good Earth", "The Promise",  
etc. Winner, 1938 Nobel Prize;  
President, The East and West Association

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading,  
Child Study Association of America

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN

Department of English Literature  
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and  
Director of Curriculum Study,  
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. ROBERT THORNDIKE

Department of Educational Psychology,  
Teachers College, Columbia University

Com. GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.

Executive Board, Boy Scout Foundation  
and Member, Board of Directors,  
Catholic Youth Organization



The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading:

#### 8 MONTHLY MAGAZINES:

ACTION COMICS  
ADVENTURE COMICS\*  
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS\*  
DETECTIVE COMICS  
FLASH COMICS  
MORE FUN COMICS\*  
SENSATION COMICS  
STAR SPANGLED COMICS

#### 6 BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINES:

(Issued every other month)  
ALL-FLASH\*  
ALL-STAR COMICS\*  
BATMAN  
MUTT & JEFF\*  
SUPERMAN  
WONDER WOMAN\*

#### 8 QUARTERLY MAGAZINES:

(Issued every third month)  
ALL-FUNNY COMICS  
BOY COMMANDOS  
COMIC CAVALCADE  
FUNNY STUFF  
GREEN LANTERN  
LEADING COMICS  
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS  
PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE\*

\*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterly; ALL-AMERICAN will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year until further notice.

WANT  
ACTION  
?



WANT  
MYSTERY  
?



WANT  
LAUGHS  
?



LOOK FOR THE  
SUPERMAN-DC SYMBOL...  
IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE  
OF THE BEST IN  
MAGAZINE COMICS!



SUPERMAN No. 21—Oct., Nov., 1941, published bi-monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 410 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. P. M. Monthly. Editor: Reprinted as serial stage script Aug. 1, 1941, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1907. Yearly subscription in the U. S. The including postage 24¢ advertising rates within United

A. P. Fisher & Co., 414 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Entire content copyrighted 1941 by Detective Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, without prior written permission from Detective Comics, Inc. Printed in U.S.A.

# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
- THE BOY WONDER -

**Knights  
of  
Knavery**

BOB  
KANE

## Deed of Partnership PART I

BE IT KNOWN TO ALL AND  
HERINAFTER DESIGNATED AS THE  
PARTY OF THE FIRST PART, DOES  
AGREE TO ENTER INTO PARTNERSHIP  
WITH THE JOKER, HERCORTH DE-  
SCRIBED AS THE PARTY OF THE SECOND PART,  
FOR THE JOINT PURPOSE OF ROBBERING, PILFER-  
ING, PURLOINING, SPOILING, AND OTHERWISE  
LOOTING THE CITY OF GOTHAM BY VARIOUS  
AND SUNDRY INDGENOUS DEVICES.

## PART II

IT HAS ALSO BEEN AGREED THAT  
ALL ENMITY BE SET ASIDE BE-  
TWEEN THE FIRST AND SECOND  
PARTIES UNTIL SUCH TIME AS  
THE BATMAN AND ROBIN  
BE LAID BY THE HEELS, IT  
BEING UNDERSTOOD SAID  
BATMAN AND ROBIN CON-  
STITUTE THE CHIEF BARRIER  
TO THE SUCCESS OF THE  
PROPOSED ENTERPRISE.

SIGNED *The Penguin*  
SIGNED *The Joker*





# BATMAN



NESTLED AMONGST THE ROLLING SLOPES OF GOTHAM'S SUBURBS LIES THE HOME OF THE RICHEST WOMAN IN TOWN,  
MRS. VAN LANDORFF...



WHAT A SERENE AND TRANQUIL PICTURE ---

BUT WAIT--!

DEAR ME--TO THINK THAT ONE OF MY INTELLECT SHOULD WALK INTO SUCH A TRAP. HASTE IS MY ONLY RESOURCE NOW.



NO-YOU ARE NOT DECEIVED. IT IS INDEED THE PENGUIN, THAT GROTESQUE BIRD OF ILL-OMEN!

THE BATMAN AND ROBIN! WILL THOSE TWO NEVER CEASE TO HAUNT MY WAKING MOMENTS?



HE CAN'T GET AWAY FROM US NOW, BATMAN!

QUICK AS A WINK, WE'LL HAVE YOU IN THE CLINK!



BUT I'LL BE OUT MUCH SOONER THAN YOU THINK!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, AT GOTHAM PENITENTIARY--

WELL, PENGUIN--HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE HOME AGAIN?

TERRIBLE! BUT WAIT AND SEE IF I DON'T BEGIN TO ROAM AGAIN.



--TO BE DOGGED BY SUCH ILL-FORTUNE! HOW COULD I HAVE KNOWN THAT THEY WERE WAITING FOR ME TO STEAL THE VAN LANDORFF EMERALD! THAT THIS SHOULD HAPPEN TO ME--THE SMARTEST CROOK IN TOWN!



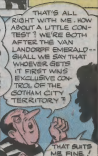
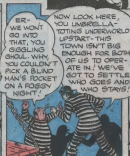


THOSE SPINE-CHILLING CHUCKLES! THAT SATANIC VOICE! WHERE HAVE WE HEARD THEM BEFORE?

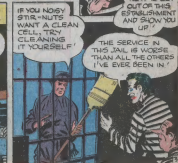
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE SMARTEST CROOK IN TOWN -- MY CARD!



THE JOKER! THAT LEBRING MONSTER OF MENACE! WHAT STRANGE TWIST OF FATE HAS PLACED HIM IN THE SAME CELL AS THE PENGUIN! WHAT IMPISH IRONY HAS BROUGHT THESE TWINS IN TRANSGRESSION FACE TO FACE! CAN PRISON WALLS CONTAIN THIS COMBINATION OF CRAFT AND CUNNING



LATER, THE TWO KNIGHTS OF KNAVERY BEGIN A FEARFUL CLAMOR IN THE CELL BLOCK...



BUT AS SOON AS THE GUARD LEAVES THEM WITH THE BROOM--

TAKING OFF THIS WIRE THAT BINDS THE BROOM'S STRAWS TOGETHER WAS QUITE A BRIGHT IDEA OF MINE!

NOT QUITE AS BRIGHT AS MY IDEA OF FASHIONING IT INTO A LONG HOOK!

HO-HUM--WHAT A DULL JOB THIS IS--PLAYING NURSE TO A COLLECTION OF CROOKS. NOTHING EVER HAPPENS AROUND HERE...

GUESS I'LL GO SEE WHETHER THOSE TWO PUNKS HAVE SWEPT THEIR CELL YET--

OOSH!

THANKS FOR THE BROOM, DIM-WIT. HERE'S WHERE WE SWEEP YOU OFF YOUR FEET--

HA-HA!

CLUNK

AND BRIEF MINUTES LATER, TWO FLEEING FIENDS REGAIN THEIR FREEDOM--AS PRISON SIRENS BELATEDLY SOUND THE ALARM!

WELL, HERE'S WHERE WE SEPARATE, AND DON'T FORGET OUR AGREEMENT!

DON'T YOU FORGET IT! WHEN I GET THAT EMERALD, IT'S GONNA BE GOOD-BYE GOTHAM FOR YOU!

THAT EVENING, AT THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE--

WITH THOSE TWO ON THE LOOSE, GOTHAM IS GONNA BE TURNED UPSIDE DOWN!

THE JOKER AND PENGUIN BOTH, IT WAS BAD ENOUGH WHEN WE HAD TO WORRY ABOUT ONE OF THEM AT A TIME. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE A MOMENT!

SCANT SECONDS ELAPSE BEFORE THE ANNOUS PAIR ARE TRANSFORMED INTO THAT DOUBLE-BARRELLED BUGH OF EVIL, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN--

WHAT'S OUR FIRST MOVE, BATMAN?

THE JOKER AND THE PENGUIN HAVE BOTH BEEN AFTER THE VAN LANDORFF EMERALD FOR A LONG TIME. THEY'RE SURE TO STRIKE AGAIN--AND WHEN THEY DO, WE WANT TO BE THERE!

BUT THEY'RE NOT GONNA TO WALK INTO A TRAP TWICE. THEY'RE TOO SMART FOR THAT.

NO--BUT I THINK WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO USE THEIR OWN SMARTNESS AGAINST THEM. I'LL NEED MRS. VAN LANDORFF'S COOPERATION...

BATMAN MEETS  
JOKER AND PENGUIN  
HOLD EMERALD  
STAND HIGH  
RENT-TO-HIRE

SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AT THE VAN LANDORFF HOME...

-- AND SINCE YOU'RE GOING TO APPEAR AT THE RITZ FASHION SHOW TOMORROW NIGHT AS AMERICA'S BEST TAILORED WOMAN, I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU'D GET THIS NOTICE INTO THE SOCIETY COLUMNS TOMORROW...

NATURALLY, I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO HELP YOU CAPTURE THOSE TWO WIMPY MEN, BATMAN!

-- OH, YOU WANT ME TO SAY THAT I'LL BE WEARING THE EMERALD TOMORROW NIGHT? BUT I COULDN'T POSSIBLY!

I QUITE UNDERSTAND. I INSERTED THAT DELIBERATELY. YOU WON'T HAVE TO WEAR THE EMERALD, ROBIN. AND I WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!

YOU MAY BE SURE I'LL ARRANGE TO HAVE THE NOTICE INSERTED. AND I LEAVE THE EMERALD IN YOUR CARE. I DO HOPE IT WILL BE SAFE!

IT WILL BE-- NEVER FEAR!

I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYTHING DULLER THAN A FASHION SHOW, BUT I'M WILLING TO GO AS LONG AS YOU EXPECT TO LURE THE PENGUIN AND THE JOKER THERE!

YOU'RE WRONG, ROBIN-- WE'RE NOT GOING TO THE FASHION SHOW!

YOU SEE, THE JOKER AND THE PENGUIN ARE MUCH TOO CLEVER TO BE FOOLED BY THAT NOTICE. THEY'LL SMELL A TRAP IMMEDIATELY. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANT THEM TO DO. MY IDEA IS TO USE THEIR OWN CLEVERNESS AGAINST THEM!

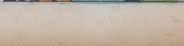
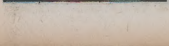
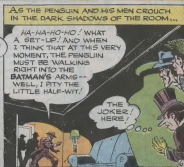
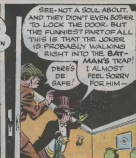
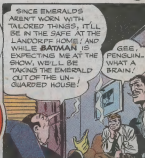
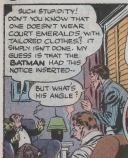
LET'S PAY A VISIT TO THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE WILY PENGUIN AS HE SCANS THE PAPERS ON THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON--

HMM-- HERE'S AN INTERESTING LITTLE PIECE IN THE SOCIETY COLUMN. JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

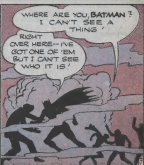
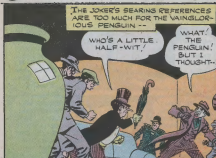
LET'S GO, BOSS. TEAR IT OUT!

-- and Mrs. Van Landorff will appear at the fashion show wearing an elegant suit of grey tweed that should certainly justify her title of America's best-tailored woman. She also plans to wear her famous emerald for the occasion.

DE EMERALD! I GUESS WE GO TO DE FASHION SHOW, BOSS!







AND WHEN THE SMOKE LIFTS...

THE JOKER AND THE PENGUIN! THEY'RE GONE!

WE CAUGHT THE SMALL FRY WHILE THE BIG FISH GOT AWAY!

WHA--! NEEDLES-- IT'S YOU!

IN THE MEAN-TIME --

WE DON'T GET THE EMERALD, BUT THEY DIDN'T GET US-- HA-HA!

WE MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED IN GETTING THE EMERALD IF WE HAD WORKED TOGETHER. AFTER ALL, BATMAN IS OUR REAL ENEMY!

YOU'RE RIGHT! FROM NOW ON, LET BYGONES BE BYGONES! WE'RE PARTNERS!

TOGETHER WE CAN PICK GOTHAM CITY CLEAN! HERE'S TO CRIME-- MAY IT PROVIDE US WITH GOLD AND THE BATMAN WITH GLOOM!

SO IS BORN A PERNICIOUS PARTNERSHIP UNITING THE JOCLULAR GENIUS OF THE JOKER WITH THE PREDATORY PROFICIENCY OF THE PENGUIN. AND NOT MANY HOURS PASS BEFORE THIS UNHOLY UNION OF MASTER-MINDS STRIKES WITH SWIFT, EVIL EFFICIENCY!

THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE ON THE EVENINGS OF THE FOLLOWING DAY--

THOSE TWO ARE RUNNING WILD, BRUCE. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT!

TO BEGIN WITH-- WE HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH COMMISSIONER GORDON THIS AFTERNOON! HE NEEDS MORAL SUPPORT -- ALTHOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL HIM...

GOATMAN AND THE JOKER HAVE BEEN CAUGHT IN A TRAP! PUNISHED IN JAIL! BUT THE JOKER IS STILL A DANGEROUS ENEMY!

GOATMAN HITS JOKER AND PENGUIN LEGAL FORTUNE IN COURT FROM BEHIND REAR!

SOME TIME LATER, AT THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...

AND MY MEN ARE ABSOLUTELY STYMIED IN SPITE OF DOUBLE BATEOLS EVERYWHERE.

THEY'RE TOO WISE TO FALL FOR ANOTHER TRAP. WE'LL HAVE TO GO OUT AND HUNT FOR THEM!

THE COMMISSIONER IS SPEAKING TO A GROUP OF POLICEMEN.

MEANWHILE, JUST ACROSS THE STREET, A VAGUELY FAMILIAR FIGURE HAWKS BALLOONS. WHY-- IT'S THE PENGUIN HIMSELF!

A SUDDEN SNATCH -- AND BEFORE THE STARTLED GUARDS CAN TURN, THE WILY PENGUIN UNHOOKS HIS BALLOONS--

TOY BALLOONS. ONLY TEN CENTS!

AH-- HERE THEY COME!

WE'RE SUPPOSED TO DELIVER THIS AROUND THE CORNER... I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY NEED AN EXTRA GUARD.

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS-- A \$50,000 PAY-ROLL--

THANK YOU, KIND SIR-- AND FAREWELL!

THE JOKER HAD THIS ALL REHEarsed OUT TO A T-- I MUST ADMIT-- BUT IT TOOK ME TO CARRY IT THROUGH!

WHA--!

AS THE BALLOONS STEAK SKYWARD, THE WIND CARRIES THE PENGUIN FAST COMMISSIONER GORDON'S WINDOW--

WHA-- BATMAN--  
LOOK!

THE PENGUIN! I'D RECOGNIZE  
HIM ANYWHERE!

TWO CAPED FIGURES MAKE A DESPERATE  
PLUNGE ---

MAYBE OUR  
COMBINED WEIGHT'LL  
BRING HIM DOWN!

EITHER  
THAT--OR WE GO  
ALONG FOR THE  
RIDE!

ULP!  
STONNAWAYS!

YOU'VE SLOWED ME UP, BUT  
YOU HAVEN'T BROUGHT ME DOWN!  
AND WHEN WE DO LAND --  
THERE'LL BE A NICE SUR-  
PRISE FOR YOU -- IF THE  
WIND STAYS RIGHT!

I DON'T LIKE  
THE WAY HE  
SAYS THAT!

WELL, THERE'S NOTHING  
WE CAN DO ABOUT IT NOW!  
WE CAN'T LET GO!

ON A HIGHWAY SEVERAL MILES  
AWAY -- THE PENGUIN'S JOCUND  
PARTNER --

HERE HE COMES NOW! WHA--  
HE HAS BATMAN AND ROBIN  
WITH HIM! GET THE NET READY,  
BOYS--AND  
PREPARE FOR  
ACTION!

WE'RE  
ALL  
SET!

THE BARK OF A SHOT-GUN FROM  
BELOW, AND--

AH-- MY  
PARTNERS  
ON THE JOB!

WE'RE  
FALLING!

IF THE  
PENGUIN  
LANDS  
SAFELY--  
SO WILL  
WE!

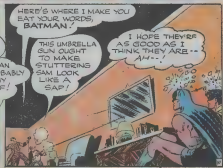
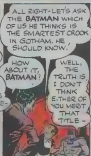
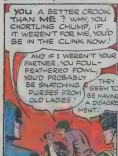
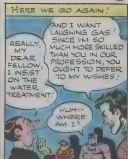
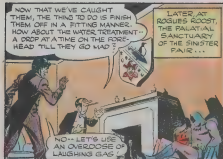
WHOOOMP!  
HERE I  
COME--  
WITH THE  
BOODLE  
AND THE  
BATMAN!

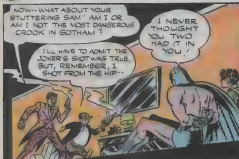
THUMP!

HA-HA--SO THEY TRIED TO  
NAB YOU AND WE NABBED  
THEM! QUICK--LET'S GET  
THEM TO THE HIDEOUT!

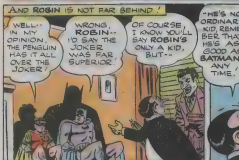
THEY REALLY DID  
ME A FAVOR! THERE  
WAS TOO MUCH BAG IN  
THE BALLOONS AND  
WITHOUT THEIR HOLD-  
INGS ON, I'D HAVE  
RISEN OUT OF SHOT-  
GUN RANGE

BANG  
BANG

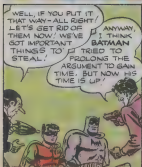


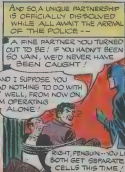
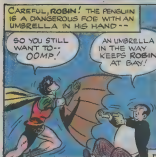


AS THE BOASTING BANDITS SWAGGER FORWARD, THE BATMAN FURTIVELY SAVES HIS BONDS WITH A JAGGED SPLINTER OF THE SHATTERED VASE!

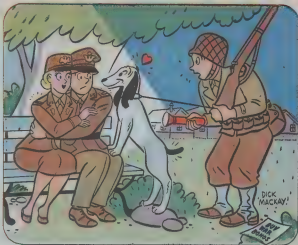


LISTEN--WE'LL BE ARGUING ALL DAY! I'M IN FAVOR OF A COMPROMISE. NO LAUGHING GAS-- NO WATER TREATMENT! LET'S FINISH THEM OFF RIGHT AWAY!





# ***LIGHTER MOMENTS*** with **fresh Eveready Batteries**



"I'm sorry, Sirs!"

*"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the doughboy does it!" Does the slugging job of winning the war, man to man against the enemy.*

We know it's mighty disappointing to hear your dealer keep saying—"No 'Eveready' flashlight batteries yet." But our Armed Forces and vital war industries are using these dependable batteries—and they're taking nearly all we can make.

\* The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

**FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER . . . Look for the date line →**



**EVEREADY**  
TRADE-MARK

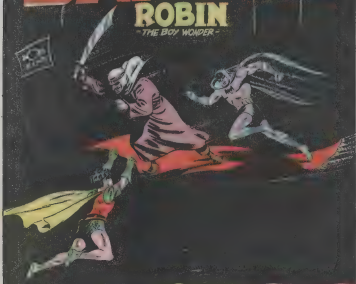


BATMAN



# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
- THE BOY WONDER -



FOURTEVER HAS BEEN WRIT IN THE  
ETERNAL SANDS OF THE DESERT SHALL BE BLOWN  
AWAY EVEN AS CHAFF BEFORE THE WIND. BUT AMONG THE  
SONS OF THE PROPHET THIS TALE SHALL BE ALWAYS REMEMBERED--  
OF HOW THERE WENT FORTH TO THE WEST ONE OF BLACK HEART AND EVIL MIND  
TO DESTROY HIM GROWNED TO BE A LEADER AMONG HIS PEOPLE--AND NOW A  
MAN AND A BOY KNOWN UNTO ALL AS THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** DID  
RISE AND SMITE THE UNJUST ONE, RESTORING UNTO THE PEOPLE OF  
THE DESERT THEIR JUST AND RIGHTEOUS RULER...  
"THE SHEIK OF GOTHAM CITY!"



SEAT YOURSELF ON THE MAGIC CARPET, FOR WE ARE GOING ON A FAR JOURNEY TO A FABULOUS LAND... HIGH OVER THE GLITTERING SEA WE SAIL, AND SOON-- WE ARE PASSING THE GLEAMING SPIRES OF ANCIENT BAGDAD. AT LAST, WE HOVER OVER A TINY OASIS IN THE ARABIAN DESERT. DOWN FLUTTERS THE MAGIC CARPET. WE ARE BEFORE THE TENT OF THE WISE MAN, ALI KA-BADA.

'TIS THE HOUR OF NOON, O WISE MAN-- AND YOU PROMISED TO TELL US A STORY.

MY WORD SHALL BE EVEN AS THE WORD OF THE PROPHET, BE SEATED AND ATTEND ME WELL.



THIS IS NOT, AS HAS BEEN MY CUSTOM, A TALE OF LONG AGO, BUT ONE OF ONLY YESTERDAY. IT CONCERNS ITSELF WITH SIDI BEN HASSEN, THE SHEIK OF OUR TRIBE, AND NOW HE CAME UNTO HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE.

OFTEN DID I HEAR MY FATHER SPEAK OF SUCH A TALE, BUT NEVER DID I LEARN IT.

IT TAKES US ACROSS THE GREAT SEA TO A VAST CITY WHERE THE SYMBOL OF THE FLYING BAT, THE EYES OF THE NIGHT, KEEPS CONSTANT VIGIL AGAINST THE DEPRIDATIONS OF EVIL...



NOT MANY MOONS AGO, A TRIBESMAN, RETURNING FROM THE DISTANT SEA-COAST, SPURRED HIS CAMEL ACROSS THE BURNING DESERT TOWARD OUR OASIS AND BURST INTO THE TENT OF THE FORMER SHEIK, OMAR EL KOBRA, HE OF THE EVIL NAME..."

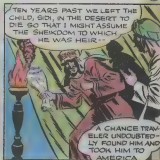
BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET, WHAT MEANS THIS UNSEEMLY HASTE?

I BRING NEWS-- TERRIBLE NEWS!

WHILE PURCHASING SUPPLIES, I CAME UPON THIS AMERICAN NEWSPAPER IN THE TOWN. I OBTAINED IT FROM A FOREIGN SOLDIER. 'TWAS FORTUNATE THAT I KNOW ENGLISH. READ

WELL THE ITEM I HAVE MARKED IN PENCIL.





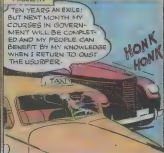
--WHERE HE MUST NOW BE BIDDING HIS RETURN TO THE VILLAGE TO ASSUME HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE! SO LONG AS HE LIVES, I CANNOT SLEEP SOUND. WE MUST BE RID OF HIM EVEN IF IT MEANS A VOYAGE TO AMERICA!

AND SO WITH THE NEW MOON, OUR TALE LEADS TO DISTANT GOTHAM WHOSE TOPLESS TOWERS BRUSH THE SKIES AND WHOSE DWELLERS ARE NUMBERED EVEN AS THE DESERT SANDS. HERE IN EXILE LIVED THE TRUE SHEIK, SIDI BEN HASSEN.

"ONE DAY AS SIDI BEN HASSEN WAS DRIVING HIS CAB IN SEARCH OF A FARE..."

TEN YEARS AN EXILE! BUT NEXT MONTH MY COURSES IN GOVERNMENT WILL BE COMPLETED AND MY PEOPLE CAN BENEFIT BY MY KNOWLEDGE WHEN I RETURN TO OUST THE USURPER.

MONK MONK





"AND THE BATMAN IT WAS, THAT CAPED FIGURE OF SINISTER MENACE FOR ALL THOSE WHO DARED DEFEY THE LAW..."

WE'VE GOT THEM NOW, ROBIN!

KEEP LOW, ROBIN! THOSE GORILLAS KNOW HOW TO SHOOT! WE'LL OVERTAKE THEM IN A BLOCK OR SO!

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT ALLIES. THERE'S A CAB PULLING AWAY FROM THE CURB WITH A COP ON THE RUNNING BOARD!

ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS-- THROW OUT YOUR GATS!

GUESS THEY DON'T KNOW WHEN THEY'RE LICKED!

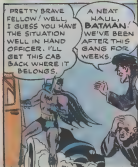
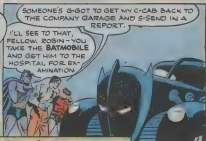
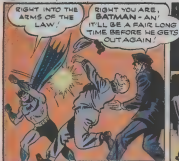
NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT SID BEN HASSEN SAT IDLY BY IN THE PRESENCE OF LAW-BREAKERS-- RAGH!

OKAY, COPPER-- BLOW BEFORE I MAKES YA BAT YER BADGE!

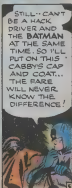
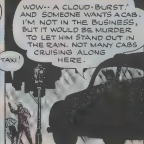
BANG!

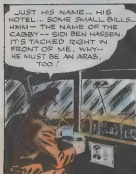
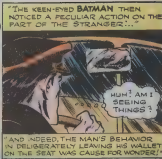
YOU ROTTEN KILLER!

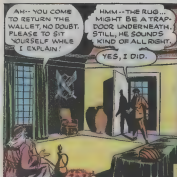
I GUESS I'M SLIPPING, BUT DON'T LET IT UPSET YOU!



"BUT IT WAS NOT THE WILL OF ALLAH THAT BATMAN RETURN THE CAB OF SIDI BEN HASSEN THAT AFTERNOON. ON THE WAY TO THE GARAGE, THE HEAVENS RELEASED A DOWNPOUR AND..."



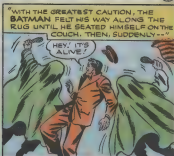




“AH-- YOU COME TO RETURN THE WALLET, NO DOUBT. PLEASE TO SIT YOURSELF WHILE I EXPLAIN!”

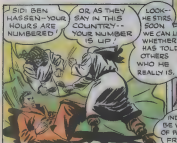
“HMM--THE RUG... MIGHT BE A TRAP- DOOR UNDERNEATH. STILL, HE SOUNDS KIND OF ALL RIGHT.”

“YES, I DID.”



“WITH THE GREATEST CAUTION, THE BATMAN FELT HIS WAY ALONG THE RUG UNTIL HE SEATED HIMSELF ON THE COUCH. THEN, SUDDENLY--”

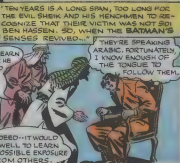
“HEY! IT'S ALIVE!”



“SID! BEN HASSEN--YOUR HOURS ARE NUMBERED!”

“OR, AS THEY SAY IN THIS COUNTRY-- YOUR NUMBER IS UP!”

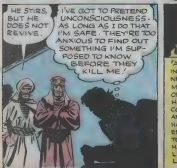
“LOOK-- HE STIRS. SOON WE CAN LEARN WHETHER HE HAS TOLD OTHERS WHO HE REALLY IS.”



“TEN YEARS IS A LONG SPAN, TOO LONG FOR THE EVIL SHEIK AND HIS HENCHMEN TO RECOGNIZE THAT THEIR VICTIM WAS NOT SID BEN HASSEN. SO, WHEN THE BATMAN'S SENSES REVIVED--”

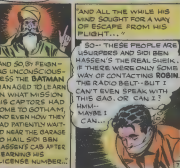
“THEY'RE SPEAKING ARABIC. FORTUNATELY, I KNOW ENOUGH OF THE TONGUE TO FOLLOW THEM.”

“INDEED--IT WOULD BE WELL TO LEARN OF POSSIBLE EXPOSURE FROM OTHERS.”



“HE STIRS, BUT HE DOES NOT REVIVE.”

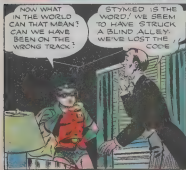
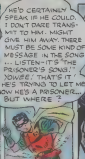
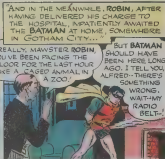
“I'VE GOT TO PRETEND UNCONSCIOUSNESS. AS LONG AS I DO THAT I'M SAFE. THEY'RE TOO ANXIOUS TO FIND OUT SOMETHING I'M SUPPOSED TO KNOW BEFORE THEY KILL ME!”

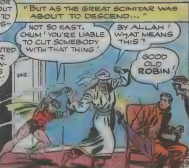
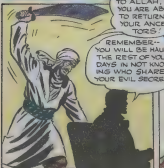
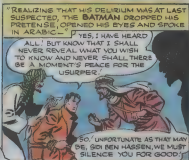
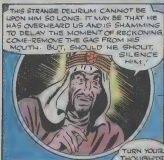
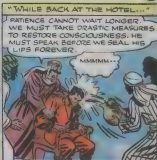
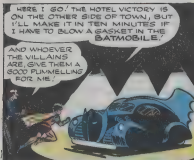


“AND ALL THE WHILE HIS MIND SOUGHT FOR A WAY OF ESCAPE FROM HIS FLIGHT...”

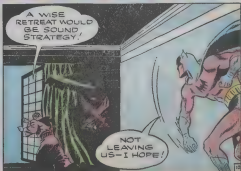
“SO-- THESE PEOPLE ARE USURPERS AND SID BEN HASSEN'S THE REAL SHEIK. IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY OF CONTACTING ROBIN. THE RADIO BELT--BUT I CAN'T EVEN SPEAK WITH THIS GAG. OR CAN I? HMM-- MAYBE I CAN...”

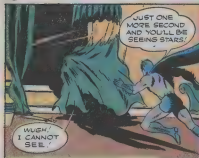
“AND SO, BY FEIGNING UNCONSCIOUSNESS THE BATMAN MANAGED TO LEARN ON WHAT MISSION HIS CAPTORS HAD COME TO GOTHAM, AND EVEN HOW THEY HAD PATIENTLY WAITED NEAR THE GARAGE TO HAIL SID BEN HASSEN'S CAB AFTER LEARNING HIS LICENSE NUMBER...”











"AND WITH THE CRUSHING OF THE EVIL USURPER, THE CRUSADING CHAMPIONS MADE HASTE TO CONVEY THE NEWS TO SIDI BEN HASSEN AS HE LAY IN HIS 'HOSPITAL BED'..."

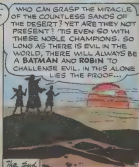
"ALAS--HOW CAN MERE WORDS OFFER THANKS FOR THE GREAT SERVICE YOU HAVE RENDERED MY NAME AND MY PEOPLE?"

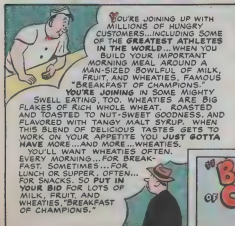
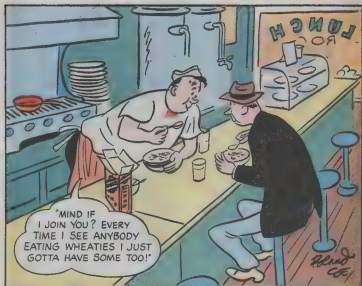
NEVER MIND THAT. HURRY AND GET WELL. YOUR PEOPLE WILL BE NEEDING YOU!



AND SO IT WAS THAT SIDI BEN HASSEN WAS RESTORED TO HIS PLACE AMONGST US!

BUT SURELY, O WISE MAN THIS IS MERELY A TALE YOU HAVE INVENTED FOR OUR ENTERTAINMENT. THERE CANNOT TRULY BE SUCH FIGHTERS AS BATMAN AND ROBIN...







# PRIVATE PETE



NIGHT PASSED AND CAME THE DAWN



## YOU CAN SAVE HIS LIFE!



EVERY SAILOR, EVERY SOLDIER ABOARD A TRANSPORT OR LANDING ON AN ENEMY BEACH, EVERY ARMAN FLYING OVER WATER, MAY NEED HIS LIFE BELT DESPERATELY. THIS BELT MUST BE STUFFED WITH A BUOYANT, WATER-IMPERVIOUS FIBER, KOPAK, USED UNTIL THE INT'L JAPANESE SUCCESSES, CAME PRINCIPALLY FROM JAPAN. OUR SUPPLIES ARE NOW CUT OFF. BUT A SUBSTITUTE HAS BEEN FOUND - - **MILKWEED FLOSS!**

MILKWEED GROWS WILD NEARLY EVERYWHERE IN THE U.S. THE FLOSS NEEDS ONLY TO BE GATHERED. BUT THAT IS A LARGE TASK. YOUR COUNTRY'S ARMED SERVICES NEEDS THIS FLOSS URGENTLY. - - AND *you can help! The floss in two bags of milkweed pods fills a life jacket.*

YOU CAN SAVE A LIFE BY DOING YOUR BIT! AND YOU CAN MAKE SOME EXTRA MONEY TO BUY WAR STAMPS.

FOR INFORMATION ON HOW TO PICK AND HANDLE MILKWEED, CONTACT YOUR COUNTY AGRICULTURAL AGENT OR SEND A CARD TO WAR HEMP INDUSTRIES, INC., MILKWEED FLOSS DIVISION, PETOSKEY, MICH. DO IT TODAY! IT'S A WAR JOB FOR ALL, YOUNG AND OLD.

# A BLOW FOR FREEDOM

by Stan Carter

**M**YNHEER VAN DER-

CAMP wiped his perspiring face and stood before the Japanese Colonel. Outside, Van Dercamp was conscious of the hostile eyes of his own Dutch countrymen as they worked on the new aircraft landing fields the Japs had ordered built. He could almost hear them saying:

"The traitor! The fat traitor. We knew he would work with them."

Oh yes, it was no secret to Van Dercamp what they were saying about him. "Well, let them say it," he muttered. "They'll find out."

Colonel Isato squinted through his thick-lensed glasses at the perspiring figure before him. The narrowed eyes took in every detail of the fat man's body, and clothing. What clothing it was, too—hanging limply from the ponderous bulk of the Mayor. Isato thought no fat man should be permitted to live in a country as hot as the Dutch East Indies. Take himself now, short and squat—yes, but muscular, and strong as a bull.

Isato stifled the expression of distaste that came across his face. This man was to be protected, at least for a while. Tokio had said so. But if he, Isato had his way, this fat Van Dercamp would join a work party or be killed.

Isato said: "Mayor, we are pleased with the work you have done. You have made it possible for us to take this town and its oil wells without loss of our glorious lives. Or destruction of what is rightfully our property."

Van Dercamp wiped his face again. "I am pleased, Honorable Colonel, to hear such words from so great a conqueror. In my humble way, I have only tried to be helpful." He watched Isato's face narrowly, and was rewarded with a flicker of pleas-

ure.

Colonel Isato toyed with the revolver on his desk.

"I understand," he said, without raising his head, "that your people consider you a traitor."

Van Dercamp winced. "It's only that they..." he explained lamely.

"...do not understand," Isato added. "But we do. It is not often we run across a white man wise enough to know our great strength. You were wise in ordering your police to quell the rebellion that must surely have started."

A smile creased the folds in Van Dercamp's face. "What could they do, Honorable Colonel," he said, "being that my police rounded up every privately owned weapon in town." He smiled again. "And they knew better than to argue with my machine guns." He indicated the window. "At least they are alive. And working for greater glory."

"Good." Isato's face expressed his satisfaction. "I am sure I need not remind you that had the scorched earth policy been applied by your people, and our valuable oil wells destroyed, we would have killed everyone in town."

"No, Honorable Colonel," Van Dercamp said, shuddering perceptibly. "You need not remind me." His face betrayed his eagerness. "If there is anything I can do further..."

"There is nothing, you may go."

The huge man shuffled across the floor and pushed himself out of the room. Colonel Isato watched his slow progress, then returned to his reflections. This hulk of a beast would be useful. Very useful. Then, when the airport was completed and the promised fighter planes and bombers arrived, well—there

could be an accidental death. "In fact," Colonel Isato mused. "There might be a lot of them." He was thinking of Van Dercamp's police, who alone remained loyal to the Mayor. There were twelve of them. And in Isato's desk were their names. They...

"Well, what's the matter?" White-faced and trembling, Van Dercamp stood in the doorway. His huge body shook, as though he had been taken down with theague. In his hand was a knife. And his hat. There was a huge slit in the hat, where the knife had entered.

"Someone threw it," he gasped. "One of my own countrymen tried to kill me. I... I..."

Rage clouded Isato's face. "Who was it?" he roared.

"I—I don't know. There are so many of them out there. I was walking by when this knife whistled through the air. I... I... stepped away just in time." Van Dercamp's eyes rolled in terror. "I must have protection," he babbled. "Your agents promised me protection if I would help. I have done my part."

"Silence!" Isato banged his fist on the desk. If only this work weren't so important. Not a man, woman or child could be spared from their tasks. It would serve these beasts right to be lined up before a firing squad. But that airport must be completed by the civilians. There was still much fighting to be done, and his men needed rest and relaxation.

"If I could only sleep here," Van Dercamp pleaded. "Otherwise they'll kill me in my sleep. I know they will."

"You fool," Isato fumed. "Shut up." He stopped. Perhaps that was not a bad idea. Let the fat beast have the room in the kitchen at night. There he would be safe. And until

the orders came through to liquidate him—or that accident happened—what harm could come of it? After all, this pig did know the strange ways of these Dutch. And he was the law.

"Very well," he said. "You may sleep here at night. But stay out of my way. In the daytime, one of my own police shall guard you. And I'll issue an order saying that one more attack on your person will result in the death of many. That will stop them." He pushed his revolver toward Van Dercamp. "Here, take this."

Van Dercamp held back. "I—I—beg your pardon, Honorable Colonel. But I am afraid of firearms."

Isato's eyes glinted. So the fool was a bigger coward than he had at first thought. "Take it," he said. "I order it."

Gingerly, Van Dercamp picked up the weapon and put it in his pocket. The next moment, a Japanese secret policeman entered.

"Nomi will watch you," Isato said. "And not let you out of his sight during daylight hours. Now get about your business."

Outside, Van Dercamp shambled along the street. Behind him the little man trotted. Hostile eyes looked upon both of them as they went toward the Town Hall where, for ten years, Van Dercamp had administered the affairs of the town. Not a single person spoke to him, and if he caught the eyes of one of the citizens, those eyes were instantly lowered. Contempt was in all of them.

Safe in his office, Van Dercamp pushed his ponderous frame into a chair. His Chief of Police, Rumann, was at the other desk. Rumann's eyes noted the consternation on Van Dercamp's face, then flicked to the bodyguard.

"They . . . they tried to kill me, Rumann," Van Dercamp whined. "My own people."

"What! Why the ungrateful. . . . Rumann cried. "They don't know what you have done for them. Why don't you let me tell them." His eyes nar-

rowed. "In my own way."

The bodyguard interrupted. "We are able to handle any situation," he said. "The Mayor is quite safe." He dropped into a chair and lit a cigarette. "Tonight the airstrip will be finished. And when our planes arrive in the morning, we will take appropriate action." A cruel smile hovered over his lips. "Very appropriate."

Van Dercamp's eyes met Rumann's, then dropped. "You will not let them hurt me?" he pleaded. "Promise."

The bodyguard looked at Van Dercamp disdainfully and turned his head. He wouldn't even bother replying to a coward.

And such a coward, Nomi decided, as the day finally ended, and, with nightfall, his vigilance. Nevertheless, he hung around until Van Dercamp was safely stowed away in the small room behind the kitchen. "He was still shaking when I left," he reported to Colonel Isato. "Fear alone will kill him."

Isato laughed. "Perhaps we will help things along tomorrow," he said. "Here is the order to execute all males in town after our planes arrive." He shrugged. "It will be a good jest on the traitorous Mayor to be killed in the lowliest room of his fine house." He laughed again. "He is probably sleeping now—the swine!"

In that, Colonel Isato was wrong. Van Dercamp was not sleeping. Nor was he trembling now, as, safe in the small room, he replaced the earphones he had hidden in the wall a few months earlier. All through the house were dictaphones that he and his men had planted. He smiled. "So they are going to kill me tomorrow," he mused.

A contented smile played over his face. Well, so far his judgement hadn't been wrong. Everything had played into his hands. He had foreseen that the invader would use his house as headquarters. It was a big, fine house, and well stocked with food and drink. It had remained only to convince Isato of his cowardliness. For an instant, a shadow clouded Van Dercamp's

face. His people, who had loved and believed in him these many years, thought him a traitor. But Rumann would fix all that, he'd tell them. Sighing, Van Dercamp settled himself in his chair, to await the dawn and the planes. He dozed off.

The drone of the planes' motor awakened him. He went to the window, watched as the armada swooped to its new nest. Then he tensed, hearing footsteps coming down the passageway. His lips moved as if in prayer. A moment later Colonel Isato entered the room. Van Dercamp's eyes did not fail to note that the Colonel's holster was unbuttoned, and that another revolver was in it. "So this is it," he murmured to himself. "Thank Heaven, Isato decided to do the job himself." His voice quavered as he spoke aloud now. "Is . . . is . . . something wrong, Colonel?"

"Nothing. I am surprised to see you up so soon." Isato's voice was oily. "You saw our planes arrive." Triumphant he said, "With your oil, we shall soon conquer many cities. None can stop us now."

"I can," Van Dercamp said. His voice was firm, vibrant. Isato's eyes clouded with suspicion. His hand went to the holster.

Van Dercamp's gun spoke and Isato toppled to the floor. Outside, running footsteps sounded along the passageway. Van Dercamp moved swiftly to the wall panel, opened it, and pressed a button.

"For freedom," he whispered. "For freedom."

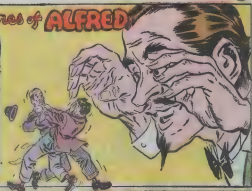
A terrific explosion shook the air as house and airstrip shattered. Van Dercamp did not hear it, for he was dead. But he knew, just before he died, that Rumann too was carrying out his end of the secret plan they had made months ago when they mined the wells and the house. All . . . all . . . were destroyed, according to plan.

"He died," Rumann explained later to the astounded Dutch, "that freedom might live."

# The Adventures of ALFRED

HALF BUTLER, HALF BLOODHOUND--THAT'S ALFRED, MAJORDOMO TO BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON! AND JUST TO PROVE HOW DEEPLY HIS SLEUTHING INSTINCTS ARE ROOTED IN HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MIND, WE GIVE YOU THIS THRILLING STORY OF...

"THE MESMERIZED MANHUNTER!"



HAVING SOUGHT VAINLY FOR A CRIME TO SOLVE, ALFRED DECIDES TO END HIS DAY OFF AT A THEATER...

AK, WELL--MIGHT AS WELL PRACTICE DETECTING THE TRICKS OF THIS CHARLATAN, MAZZO! I'LL EXERCISE MY BRAIN AND REST MY FEET.

HOW MANY?



AUTOMATICALLY, THE CASHIER OPENS THE MONEY-DRAWER...

ONE OUT OF-- OH, I FORGOT! CAN'T CHANGE THIS TEN, MISTER!

EMPTY, EH? WELL, I THINK I HAVE THE CORRECT CHANGE...

BUY WAR BONDS



SO THE PERFORMANCE HAS ALREADY BEGUN!

SEEK PARDON MADAME!

OUCH! MY CORN!



NEVER ONE TO SHRINK RESPONSIBILITY, OUR HERO RESPONDS TO AN URGENT APPEAL!

WILL SOME INTELLIGENT, WIDE-AWAKE GENTLEMAN KINDLY STEP TO THE STAGE TO ASSIST ME?

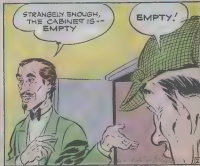
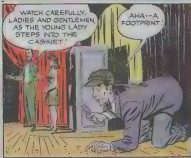
I'M YOUR MAN, SIR!

WHAT! AGAIN?





# BATMAN





THE KEY WORD STIRS A RECENT MEMORY IN ALFRED'S SUBCONSCIOUS MIND, WHERE THE SHOT HAS ALREADY AWAKENED SLUMBERING SUSPICIONS...



AND DIDN'T MAZZO HIMSELF SAY THAT THIS AMATEUR SLEUTH WAS CAPABLE OF SOLVING CRIMES FROM THE SLENDEREST CLUES?





ALL IN ALL, IT'S PROBABLY A GOOD THING FOR ALFRED THAT THE MANAGER OF THE THEATRE APPEARS AT THIS POINT...

"MONEY... MY MONEY!  
SO THIS IS HOW YOU REAP  
ME LARSON, FOR GIVING YOU  
A JOB WHEN YOU WERE  
PAROLED FROM  
PRISON."

"I COULDN'T  
RESIST THE  
TEMPTATION!  
PLEASE DON'T  
SEND ME  
BACK!"

"WELL,  
LOCK ME  
UP AND  
THROW  
THE KEY  
AWAY!"



"THIS MAN IS  
HYPNOTIZED, OFFICER!  
I'LL HAVE TO TAKE  
HIM BACK TO THE  
STAGE!"

"DID YE SAY  
HYPNOTIZED?"



"BELIEVE IT OR NOT, LADIES  
AND GENTLEMEN - UNDER  
HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE, THINK-  
ING HIMSELF A DETECTIVE,  
THIS MAN HAS ACTUALLY  
CAUGHT A THIEF!"

"WH--  
WHERE  
AM I?"



"FREEE!  
WOORAY!"

"NO,  
DO YOU  
REMEMBER  
A THING?"



"HOW  
HUMILIATING!  
I MUST HAVE  
MADE A  
BALLY FOOL  
OF MYSELF!"

"NO,  
DO YOU  
REMEMBER  
A THING?"



AT HOME, ALFRED MAINTAINS A DIS-  
CREET SILENCE - UNTIL NEXT MORNING'S  
PAPER ARRIVES...

"THE HERO WAS  
A TALL, THIN, MIDDLE-  
AGED MAN WHO SPOKE  
WITH AN ENGLISH  
ACCENT, WORE A--"  
HMM-- SOUNDS LIKE  
YOU, ALFRED!"

"OH, DEAR!  
I WAS AFRAID  
OF SOMETHING!  
LIKE THIS!  
MAY I SEE  
IT, MAWSTER  
BRUCE?"



"SO THAT'S HOW IT  
WAS! NO WONDER  
THE AUDIENCE WAS  
CHEERIN' WHEN  
I AWOKED!"

"CAN YOU BEAT  
THAT? CATCHING  
A CROOK WITH-  
OUT EVEN REALIZ-  
ING IT!"



"BEGGING YOUR  
PARDON, MAWSTER  
DICK, THAT MERELY  
INDICATES THAT WHAT-  
EVER MY MENTAL STATE,  
I'M A SLEUTH AT HEART--  
AND I GET RESULTS!"

"HE'S  
NOT YOU  
THERE,  
DICK."



# ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

## OUTSMARTING A SABOTEUR!

IT'S SAM - R.C. AND QUICKIE ARE BOUND FOR THE HAZARD CAPITAL ON THE CRACK SENATORIAL LIMITED!

WAKE UP, QUICKIE! THAT GUY'S CARRYING A BAG THAT'S TICKING! C'MON!

HOLD IT, WISE GUYS, AND GRAB SKY! I'M PLANTING THIS BOMB RIGHT HERE IN JUST 10 MINUTES THIS TRAIN'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS...AND YOU'RE GOING WITH IT!

DON'T MOVE, "R.C."! HE'S GOT A GUN!

GET IN THAT WASHROOM AND COOL OFF! I'M GONNA JUMP THIS RATTLER AT THE NEXT SLOW CURVE!

I WOULDN'T MIND IF I COULD COOL OFF WITH A FROSTY BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA!

THE SABOTEUR DOESN'T NOTICE "R.C." REACH FOR A HEAVY TRAIN DIRECTORY IN THE RACK.

RIGHT ON THE BUTTON! YOU GRAB THE BAG, QUICKIE, AND TOSS IT OUT THE WINDOW! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS RAT!

WHEN! THAT WAS CLOSE! I'M SHAKING LIKE A JEEP!

TAKE IT EASY, QUICKIE - I KNOW WHAT WE NEED

M-M-M! I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START!

YOU BOYS DESERVE THE BEST!

WE'VE GOT IT - ROYAL CROWN COLA - THE BEST-TASTING COLA OF 'EM ALL

YOUTHFUL BONITA GRANVILLE SAYS: CHECK! IT SURE TASTES BEST!

Lonely Bonita Granville found her favorite "quack up" when she took the famous cold water test. After trying leading colas in glass cups, she picked the one that rang true. It was Royal Crown Cola! Try it in 7-11 glasses in each 5¢ bottle.

**ROYAL CROWN COLA**

Best by Taste Test! %

BATMAN

# BATMAN

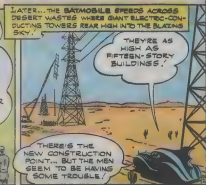
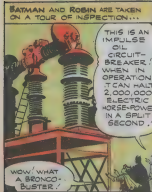
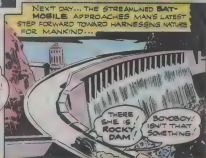
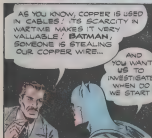
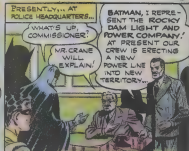
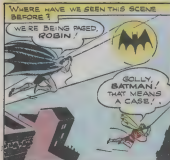
WITH  
**ROBIN**  
-THE BOY WONDER-



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIDE HERD ON TROUBLE AS 2,000,000 HORSES GALLOPED AT YOU? THERE ARE MEN WHO DO JUST THAT EVERY DAY, EVERY WEEK, THE HORSES -- 2,000,000 HORSE-POWER ELECTRIC CURRENT! THE MEN -- THE MAINTENANCE EXPERTS WHO REPAIR THE POWER LINES THAT SUPPLY ELECTRICITY TO THE BIG CITIES, MEN WHO LAUGH AT DANGER AND DEATH -- THESE ARE THE MEN BATMAN AND ROBIN MEET...

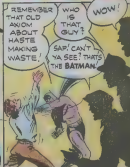
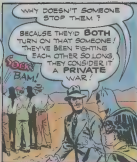
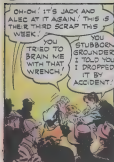
**"THE KILOWATT GUNBOYS!"**





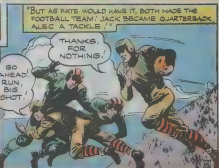
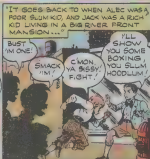
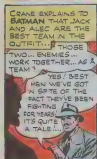


# BATMAN





# BATMAN



"JACK CARRIED THE BALL... ALEC CLEARED THE FIELD FOR HIM! BUT JACK, THE STAR QUARTERBACK, BECAME THE CELEBRATED HERO AND ALEC AN UNSUNG ONE! SO THEY FOUGHT OVER THAT!"



"THE YEARS PASSED... ALEC BECAME A LINE-MAN... AND THEN ONE DAY, JACK BECAME PART OF THE CREW."

"YES, IT'S ME! MY FOLKS LOST ALL THEIR MONEY, SO NOW I'M WORKING FOR A LIVING! DO YOU MIND?"



"THEN ONE DAY IT HAPPENED! ALEC FELL OFF A TOWER... BROKE SOME RIBS! COULDN'T CLIMB A TOWER AFTER THAT- LOST HIS NERVE ON HEIGHTS!"



"SO ALEC BECAME A GROUND GRUNT (THAT'S SLANG FOR LINEMAN'S ASSISTANT)... AND GUESS WHO WAS THE... LINEMAN..."



"FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE JACK'S GRUNT MAN!"



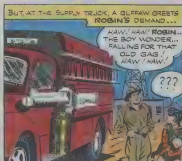
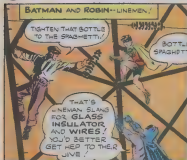
"AND DO A GOOD JOB! NEVER MIND ME! JUST WATCH OUT YOU DON'T TAKE A TUMBLE!"



"SAY, YOU TWO ARE ALWAYS READY TO TRY ANYTHING...HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WORK ON ONE OF THOSE TOWERS?"

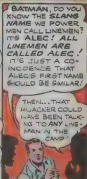
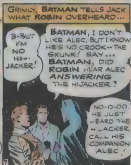
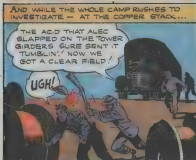
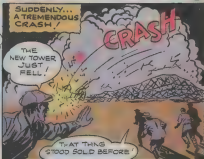








# BATMAN





WILL YOU TWO SCRAPPERS FORGET YOUR OWN PERSONAL WAR FOR A WHILE AND HELP ME MAKE WAR ON THOSE H-JACKERS?

OKAY...  
UH...  
THANKS FOR  
THE HELP,  
JACK!

DO IT FOR  
ANYBODY, SO  
DON'T START  
GETTING  
SENTIMENTAL!

JACK...  
ALSO... SEE  
ANYTHING  
YET?

NOPE! AND I CAN'T MAKE  
OUT HOW A BIG TRUCK CAN  
DISAPPEAR IN THIS DESERT!

YEAH... WE COULD  
SPOT ANY MOVING  
OBJECT ON THIS  
FLATLAND FOR  
MILES AROUND!

YES, IT'S PUZZLING, BUT NOT TOO PUZZLING, # ONE KNOWS THE ANSWER! FOR, ONE HOUR BEFORE...

DAWN COMING UP! GET  
THOSE MIRRORS OUT AND BE SURE  
YOU COVER EVERY SIDE BUT THE  
FRONT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER... THE  
TRANSFORMATION IS COMPLETE!  
AN UNSEEN VEHICLE MOVES  
ACROSS THE DESERT WASTES!

CLEVER, EH,  
BOYS? MIRRORS  
THAT COVER THE  
TRUCK AND REFLECT  
THE ENDLESS  
SAND OF THE  
DESERT!

IT'S SURE SLICK!  
NOBODY CAN SPOT  
US! THEN MIRRORS  
MAKE THE TRUCK  
BLEND RIGHT  
IN THE DESERT!

SOMETIME LATER... THE CAR  
REACHES THE LOOMING  
MOUNTAIN... TOLLS UP ITS  
FACE... THEN HALTS...

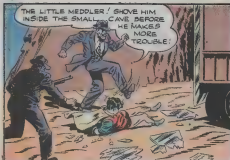
PUT THE TRUCK  
AWAY,  
SLUGGER!

MOVE,  
BRAT!

TRICKY  
GADGET...

...BUT MAYBE I CAN  
PUT A CRIMP IN YOUR  
DISAPPEARING ACT!

**CRASH!**



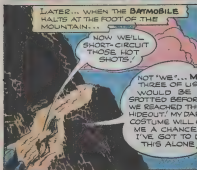
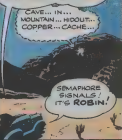
BUT ROBIN HAS BEEN ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THE THUGS ALL THE TIME!

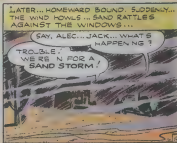
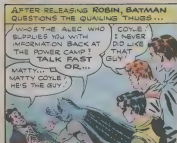


THE BATMOBILE! BUT HOW CAN I CALL BATMAN WITHOUT MY RADIO? SAY... THIS PIECE OF MIRROR MIGHT HELP ME AGAIN!



BATMAN! OVER THERE! FLASHES OF LIGHT!







THE CAMP AT LAST, AND THE SAND STORM INCREASING IN FEROCITY EVERY SECOND...

LOOK!  
THERE'S  
COYLE!

LOUDMOUTH  
HE HEARD  
YOU! NOW  
HE'S SCOOTING  
OFF!

LET'S  
HEAD  
HIM  
OFF!

GRIMLY, THE GROUP CLOSES IN ON THE COPPER BANDIT!

WHERE YA  
GOIN'... RAT?

STICK  
AROUND...  
PAL!

NOW-  
NOW, BOYS...  
DON'T SCARE  
HIM  
AWAY!

PANIC-STRICKEN,  
THE CRAVEN-  
HEARTED  
CRIMINAL  
FLEES TO A  
POWER TOWER...  
AND CLIMBS IT  
IN HIS MAD  
FLIGHT...

STAY  
AWAY  
FROM  
ME! YOU  
HEAR...  
STAY  
AWAY!

DON'T GO  
AWAY! WE'VE  
GOT THINGS  
TO TALK  
ABOUT!

WIND AND  
SAND SLASH  
AT THE TWO  
MEN...THE  
HUNTER AND  
THE HUNTED!

STAY AWAY  
OR I'LL KILL YA!  
I'LL KILL  
YA!

I  
WARNED  
YA!

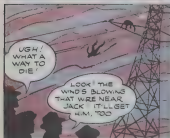
THUD!



AT THAT MOMENT...THE FIERCE WIND TEARS AT AN ELECTRIC WIRE...AND RIPS IT LOOSE! A WIRE CABLE CARRYING 290,000 VOLTS!



THE LIVE WIRE WHIPS ABOUT MADLY IN THE WIND... AND LASHES AT COYLE! A SICKENING CRACKLE... THE SMELL OF OZONE - AND COYLE IS ELECTROCUTED.



UGH! WHAT A WAY TO DIE!

LOOK! THE WIND'S BLOWING THAT WIRE NEAR JACK! IT'LL GET HIM, TOO!

SOMEBODY'S GOT TO GO UP AND BRING JACK DOWN!

YEAH... BUT THAT WIRE'S LIKELY TO LAND ON THE GUY DOING THE RESCUING!

LET ME THROUGH, BOYS!



BUT SOMEONE'S AHEAD OF BATMAN! ALEC... THE MAN AFRAID OF HEIGHTS!



JACK HELPED ME OUT OF A TIGHT SPOT... NOW I'VE GOT TO PAY HIM BACK!

ALEC! COME BACK! COME BACK!

UP... UP CLAWING, FIGHTING HIS WAY AGAINST HACKING WIND AND BLINDING SAND! BUT HIS GREATEST FIGHT IS AGAINST FEAR... AND HORRIBLE REMEMBRANCE OF A DAY NOT SO LONG AGO...



I'LL FALL AGAIN! I'LL... NO! GOT TO GO UP! MUSTN'T LOOK DOWN! GOT TO GO WHERE JACK IS!

AT LAST ALEC REACHES JACK... THEN FALTERS... RUBS HIS EYES...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?

SAND! IT'S BLINDING HIM; HE CAN'T GET JACK DOWN BY HIMSELF. I'VE GOT TO GET UP TO HIM SOME WAY...



USING A 100 FOOT BOOM CRANE, BATMAN SWINGS OUT, TRAPEZE FASHION...

QUICK! GET JACK AND I'LL GRAB YOU BOTH! HURRY! THAT LIVE WIRE IS WHIPPING BACK OUR WAY!



RESCUE AMONG THE ELEMENTS... AND NONE TOO SOON! AS THEY QUIT THE TOWER, THE LIVE WIRE STRIKES!



ALEC, THEY TOLD ME WHAT YOU DID THAT TOOK NERVE-PLenty OF IT! I... I'D BE PROUD TO BE YOUR FRIEND!

AND SO, THE NEXT DAY, THE BATMOBILE SPEEDS OVER THE SANDS--HOMEWARD BOUND!

LATER... WHEN THE STORM SUBSIDES AND JACK RECOVERS...

BATMAN, I HEARD HOW YOU SAVED ALEC AND ME! THANKS!



SURE! I WAS GETTING TIRED OF SHAKING MY RUSTAT YOU! I'D RATHER SHAKE YOUR HAND FOR A CHANGE



BY THE WAY, ROBIN... DO YOU EVER GET THAT ELECTRIC-LIGHT OIL AND THAT BRASS MAGNET? HA! HA! HA!



AW, SOMEONE TOLD YOU! NOW I'LL NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT!



**YOURS**  
FOR ONLY 2 WHEATIES  
BOX TOPS AND 5c

**MODELS THAT**

**FLY!**

**GET BOTH  
P-40 FLYING  
TIGER AND JAP ZERO**

Two complete fighter planes,  
full color models. Exactly as  
illustrated. Over 10 inch wing  
spread. Hollow stream-  
lined fuselage. Official  
battle insignia.

**EASY TO BUILD! EASY TO FLY!**

Fly and fight authentic models of the fighting demons now  
battling over China and Burma theaters of war. Build  
them yourself from Jack Armstrong Tra-Flite Flying  
Model Kits. Get complete unassembled planes,  
laid out in full-color on specially treated paper stock—  
with assembly charts and step-by-step construction  
data. *Real fun to build.* And your plane is ready for  
test flight in about two hours.

Your planes actually fly! Yes, these are real flying models.  
Designed to glide and soar up to 75 feet or more  
when launched by hand. Or, rigged for continuous  
G-line flight, they zoom, dive, climb, and hedge-hop—  
under your control.

Don't have to "baby" these fighters. Like the deadly  
planes they're modeled after, your P-40 and Zero are  
built for *fast speed and slick maneuverability.*  
They're built for ruggedness, too. Send them on hun-  
dreds of fighting forays or strafing sweeps—indoors  
and out—without serious damage to the ships.

Two planes in a series of the world's famous fighting  
aircraft—which are your extra dividend for eating  
Wheaties. These *realistic flying models* were de-  
veloped exclusively for Wheaties. **THEY CAN BE OBTAINED ONLY THROUGH WHEATIES.** Start  
*right now* to get every one of these Jack Armstrong  
Tra-Flite Model Planes. And start enjoying the cham-  
pion nourishment and zippy flavor and good fun—in  
a bowlful of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, that well-known  
"Breakfast of Champions."

**SEND FOR YOUR PLANES AT ONCE! NOW!**

Use easy to mail coupon. OR JUST SEND your name  
and address with two Wheaties box tops and five cents  
to Jack Armstrong, Dept. 847, Minneapolis 15, Min-  
nesota. Hurry! This is a limited offer—good only until  
December 1, 1944. Send at once! Get going and GET  
FLYING!

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of  
General Mills, Inc.

TEAR  
OUT  
AND  
MAIL  
TODAY!

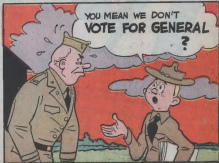
Jack Armstrong  
Dept. 847, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota  
Please send me TWO complete assembly kits for my flying  
fighters: Curtis P-40 Flying Tiger and Jap Mitsubishi  
Zero.  
I enclose TWO Wheaties box tops and five cents.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_



# PRIVATE PETE

and  
more



# THESE CAN BE YOURS

and  
**MONEY**  
too!



Look them over, fellows! Just a few of the many PRIZES that will guarantee you loads of fun the year round. Baseball, Football, Fishing and Camping Equipment. Model planes you can build and fly, sturdy pocket knives and even tires for your bike. Yes sir—plenty of peachy prizes for boys who believe in getting what they go after. Here's a golden opportunity for you to earn Prizes and Money too. It's easy!

All you have to do to earn Prizes like these, and a Cash Income of your own is deliver Collier's Magazine to customers whom you obtain right in your own neighborhood. Takes only a small part of your spare time, and will not interfere with school or other activities. Why, in no time at all, you'll have a business of your own, a regular income, and Prizes that will be the envy of all your buddies.



**LET'S  
GO!**

Fill out and mail coupon at once. I'll send you my free Prize Book and start you earning Money and Prizes for delivering Collier's to customers you obtain. If you don't want to clip coupons, then write to MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 47 THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

**CLIP COUPON AND MAIL ON PENNY POST CARD TODAY**

**MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 47**

The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.,  
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful Prizes. Please send me your PRIZE BOOK and start me earning MONEY and PRIZES right away.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ (If Postal) \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ (If your city is not divided) \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**GET STARTED NOW --**



No one can resist **Cookies**  
*made with*

SEND A BOX  
 TO YOUR BOY  
 IN SERVICE

**CURTISS CANDY**  
**Baby Ruth**  
 RICH  
 IN  
 DEXTROSE  
**Candy**



**RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER**

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS